

Let us Lo *the* **LINK**

ot

January 1979

REVOLUTION '76!

RING OUT WILD BELLS

MATHIAS OF MARYLAND

"GOD USES ME — SOMETIMES"





THE LINK



A MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

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NO. 1

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- Front: "What does the New Year hold for us?" Orphans in the Marine Memorial Orphanage, Pohang, Korea. DoD Photo (Marine Corps).
Back: "While we have time, let us do good unto all men." Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.
Inside Front: "— And a Happy New Year to you, too!" Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.
Inside Back: Skiing the Canadian Rockies. Tonguin Valley, Jasper National Park, Alberta. Photo by Canadian Govt. Travel Bureau.

ART WORK: Illustrations by James Talone.

IN THIS ISSUE

THIS Editor is grateful for what 1973 brought — associates, old and new, who are keenly interested in The LINK and its companion magazine, The CHAPLAIN; for a large and loyal readership, yes, for a growing one. For this magazine of religious devotion and inspiration 1973 was a good year (I didn't say "prosperous"!)

The New Year brings us a chance to think about time; this quickly translates into wonderment about meaning and purpose, and this in

turn is almost a definition of religion. Religion, above all, offers us answers to the "why" questions which so haunt us. Testing these answers is a major preoccupation of young people, not least those who serve in military forces.

The LINK Staff wishes its readers all the joy and peace which come with the discovery of working answers to life's great questions.

Edward I. Swanson
Editor

S T A F F

Editor	EDWARD I. SWANSON
Executive Editor	A. RAY APPELQUIST
Assistant Editor	NORMAN G. FOLKERS
Circulation Manager	ISABEL R. SENAR
Editorial Assistant and Secretary	JEANETTE A. RICHOUX

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“Ring out the False, Ring in the True!”

Ring Out Wild Bells

By Charla Leibenguth and Susan Ebershoff

JANUARY the first, in that part of the world using the Roman calendar, is greeted enthusiastically with parades, parties, drinks, football games, floats, noisemakers, stolen kisses, sentimental songs and good intentions. But the celebrating is a new trend compared to the early ages of history when the dawning of the new year was greeted in a far more serious vein. The new year was considered a symbol of life triumphing over death, good triumphing over evil, of man triumphing over the devil.

On the Isle of Guernsey the natives paraded a dummy through the streets to a deserted spot on the beach where they buried it, often weighing it down with stones or logs. In Dobschwitz, Austria, revelers carried a straw effigy of “THE DEATH” through the streets. Not content with just burying the symbol, they acted out a “drowning” of the figure in order to preserve the village from plague and sickness in the coming year.

In parts of Russia young girls used sticks to beat the corners of the house and yards calling “We are driving Satan out of the village.” In Bohemia boys did the work of demon chasing, forming circles and firing guns three times into the air to shoot down the village witches as they sailed by on their broomsticks.

A special ceremony to chase away demons was held on the last day of the old year in Thailand. Consecutive rounds of gunshots were



For centuries the Chinese have enthusiastically and noisily ushered in their New Year with cymbals, gongs, firecrackers—and dragons. This is Pell St. in New York's Chinatown.

fired with the first shot originating at the palace and later shots being fired from guns placed farther and farther away. The demons would retreat as the guns fired until they were finally driven from the city. A rope was then tied around the city walls to serve as a barrier to prevent the demons from returning to the city.

WHEN Julius Caesar created the “Julian” calendar he named the first month of the new cycle Januarius after the Roman god Janus. This god, the Keeper of the Doors and Gates, was always portrayed with two faces — one face that looked back on the past and one face that looked forward with hope to the future. His symbols of power were a scepter and a key. The key was meant to lock the door on the past and to unlock the door to the future.

Many Romans greeted the new year by giving each other gifts such as coins bearing a portrait of Janus. Some people sent eggs

on the first day of the year to symbolize regeneration. In sixteenth century England pomander balls, gilded nutmegs and leather gloves were favorite gifts in the court of Henry VIII. In Greece, St. Basil came with toys to stuff into the shoes of children and in Italy children received small gifts of money called *strenna*.

Through the years many omens have become associated with the ushering in of the New Year. Your luck for the entire new year may be determined by the first person you meet on January 1st.

A dark-haired man is considered to be lucky. In countries where dark-haired men are scarce and superstition strong, dark complexioned men find themselves very much in demand for parties and festivals. Bad luck is yours if you meet a woman, a blond man, an undertaker, a person who walks with his toes pointing inward, a beggar, a grave-digger, a sexton, a mailman, a redhead, a criminal, a dog or a cat. Good luck follows a man carrying a load but bad luck follows the empty handed man. These beliefs and others like them have made many a man and woman keep a close watch at the window on the first day of the year before they go down to answer their door.

IT HAS long been considered bad luck to carry old debts or quarrels into the new year. If unpleasanties are not discarded with the passing of the old year they will last another entire year. For this reason it is a custom that all bills must be paid and all damaged friendships repaired in the fresh light of the new year.

Apples are a sign connected with the new year but there is some controversy as to whether you eat them or shun them. In some parts of the world people believe that anyone who eats an apple on the first day of the year will suffer from sores and itching for the next twelve months. Other cultures consider the apple to be a sign of fertility insuring a large healthy family and good fortune in the new year.

Broken glass is considered a bad sign among the superstitious as it is taken to be a sign of damage or death. Beware the broken bowl or cracked mirror that occurs on New Year's Day!

Young men often place a candle in a nutshell and set the shell floating on a tub of water. If the nutshell floats toward the center of the tub the owner will leave town during the coming year. If the nutshell stays near the edge of the tub the owner will remain at home. Sweethearts sail the nuts to determine if they shall be married . . . if the nuts drift towards each other the couple will be married before the year is out but if the nuts stay apart the year will pass without their wedding.

An idea always associated with New Year's is the baby dressed

in diaper and banner supplanting worn out Father Time. This custom can be traced back to ancient Greece where it was customary at the feast of Dionysis to parade a baby in a winnowing basket to illustrate the rebirth of the god as the spirit of fertility. The current New Year's baby is thought to have made his debut as a hero in a German folksong in the fourteenth century.

A tradition throughout the world is the customary noisemaking at midnight. The ringing of the bells frightened away demons in one era and now in our own world gives us a chance to make noise when it is generally forbidden. The bells pealing, rejoicing, laughing in the velvet dark bring to mind the words of Tennyson:

“RING Out, Wild Bells, to the Wild Sky,
The Flying Cloud, the Frosty Light,
The Year is Dying in the Night
Ring Out, Wild Bells, and Let Him Die.

Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New,
Ring, Happy Bells, Across the Snow,
The Year is Going, Let Him Go,
Ring Out the False, Ring in the True.”



“. . . no substitutes for principles and character, . . . concomitants of religious faith.”

Mathias of Maryland

By Caspar Nannes

A CHRISTMAS Eve midnight service on one of the islands in the South Pacific during World War II remains as an unforgettable experience in the life of Senator Charles McCurdy Mathias, Jr. of Maryland.

The Navy chaplain had announced that a service would be held in the jungle environment of the island and the sailors crowded the area.

“We were there each feeling pretty much alone in a hostile world, with very little support to ease our thoughts,” the Republican Senator recalled.

At the conclusion of the worship the Navy chaplain told the gathering, “I want each of you to take out a match and at the same moment light it.”

The signal was given, and each man struck his match, suddenly the pitch darkness was aglow with thousands of small lights, the aggregate producing one cohesive illumination.

“It astounded us that there were so many together in the same situation and it brought us a sense of unity nothing else had,” Mathias reflected.

“It seems to me that there are no substitutes for principles and character which are the concomitants of religious faith,” he explained. “Our Constitution, great as it is, means nothing if people are not going to obey it. All the safeguards we can add to our laws are useless if they are not obeyed.”

Mathias further pointed out that society “ultimately rests upon the rectitude and morality of the men



Senator Charles McC. Mathias, Jr.

and women in it. And that certainly has to be related to the philosophy and discipline that stem from religious training."

HIS OWN religious training goes back to early days. An Episcopalian, he attended All Saints Episcopal Church in Frederick and taught a Sunday School class. During the 1950s "Mac," as he is affectionately known to friends and constituents, served on the parish vestry. Today he is a member of the National Cathedral Chapter of the Washington Cathedral and is also a trustee of the National Cathedral Foundation.

An early opponent of United States participation in the Vietnam War, Mathias gave a notable speech on June 23, 1970, in the Senate warning that our faith in the sanctity of human life "has been deeply eroded in the stress of battle in Southeast Asia."

He added that our high altitude bombing raids over Vietnam bringing famine and destruction and disease upon that country's people made it difficult for us to regard ourselves as a moral and ethical society.

"This speech was very much affected by my own attitude toward religion," he declared.

This attitude explains his past opposition to constitutional amendments providing for prayer in public schools. He will undoubtedly oppose similar proposals now before the Senate.

As a member of the House Judiciary Committee prior to his election to the Senate, Mathias talked to

many churchmen about the prayer amendment. He concluded it would be impossible in a pluralistic society to develop a prayer that would be acceptable to all.

"While there is a Protestant majority nationwide, there are areas where Catholics or Jews are in the majority, and in some neighborhoods you might find Moslem or Buddhist majorities. If you are going to authorize an official prayer in a neighborhood satisfactory to the local majority, there will always be a local minority that would be offended.

"This was the position which many of the churchmen I consulted took. It was the position that James Madison expounded eloquently and set forth in the Bill of Rights."

The Maryland senator looks back on the great Civil Rights movement of the 1960s as a period of tremendous church activity. "It was almost like an awakening of the concept of brotherhood that played so great a role in bringing the country to a realization of the wrongs perpetrated—the segregation laws and the damage society was doing to itself by perpetuating them."

ENTERING politics was an almost foreordained step for the Haverford College graduate. His family had been lawyers and farmers around Frederick, and politics was their natural concomitant.

His great-grandfather, Charles E. Trail, served in the Maryland Legislature and in 1860 ran on Abraham Lincoln's ticket. His grandfather, John Mathias, was a state senator who campaigned for Theodore



Perhaps the principal Congressional advocate of improved fire laws, Senator Mathias is well-known among firemen. (cf. The LINK for Sept. '73, p. 25: "The Fireman's Senator.")

Roosevelt when the latter ran for president on the Bull Moose ticket in 1912.

Although Mathias' father, an attorney, never ran for office, he was active in Republican politics. When "Mac" was six years old his father took him to the White House to meet President Calvin Coolidge. Later he met President Herbert Hoover. These encounters, plus his father's activities in politics, set the path "Mac" later followed.

"Once you get into politics, there are so many things to be done you do not want to get out," he said. "Also, if you are honest, you have to admit that it does massage your ego."

But, the 1949 University of Mary-

land law school graduate pointed out, the real satisfaction in a political career comes from meeting people who feel you have done something useful to their lives. "I was once at a very hostile meeting and when it was all over I felt I did not have a single friend in that crowd and would not get a single vote. After it was over an old man came up to me and said, 'I am going to vote for you and there are fifteen in my family that will do the same thing.'"

"Why?" Mathias asked the man.

"When I went to work for the railroads fifty years ago, your grandfather signed something for me that I needed. So I am going to vote for you."

(Continued on page 40)

“God Uses Me — Sometimes”

Courage through forty years of leprosy

By Mariana L. Brierton

“MANY who have so much give so little, while a few who have so little give so much.” Bob Pierce, founder of World Vision, had this comment to make about a woman he encountered in a leprosarium on the island of Formosa. When her dreaded disease was first diagnosed in 1923, nothing was done to soften such a cruel blow. Instead, the husband renounced his wife and drove her out of their home, forbidding her to see her own two babies. As the disease worsened, she was also driven out of her village. Brokenhearted, sick and demoralized, she wanted to take her life. However, before she could carry out her plan, government officials took

her many miles away to a strange leprosarium. And at the time of Mr. Pierce’s visit, this little woman had been there for forty-one years.

Total Isolation

During those lonely decades, no relative ever came to visit, not a single letter had arrived to tell her what had become of her children. The only family news she received was that her husband had married again. Crippling arthritis which she endured for 26 of those 41 years added to her misery. She could only lie on her “bed” (the hard boards of a rough-hewn table) unable to move one arm or one leg, unable to do anything for herself. She had to be

Ms. Brierton is a frequent contributor to The LINK who lives on R.R. #3, Dixon, Ill. 61021.

fed. She had not been outside the *room* for more than fifteen years! Her total world was inside those four walls.

Mr. Pierce went on to say, "As we walked up to this dear woman I expected her to be beaten and bitter. She turned to me, and I saw her sunken nose and the places where eyelashes had been. And then her lips suddenly broke into a wonderful radiant smile."

Asked about her purpose for living, and the secret of her happiness inside those walls, she replied through an interpreter, "I live for Christ inside these walls, and I leave to him the meaning and significance of what I do. It may be that there are only three people a year within the sound of my voice — whoever is put into this room with me. But I find that no day is lost . . . no day is drab and pointless when I can begin it by asking Jesus Christ to take my pain, my loneliness — whatever comes to me — and help me translate it into sympathy and love and understanding for others who are having a difficult time. I've asked God to turn the reservoir of my tears and pain and loneliness into something from which I can pour out kindness and sympathy to others who come and go through my room."

Our Choice Is Limited

And then she added: "I think God uses me — sometimes."

We do not wholly decide our circumstances. Someone has said that the only thing truly predictable in our world is that the unpredictable

will happen; what we can most surely expect is the unexpected. Nor can one avoid suffering by thinking one can avoid God or the claims of the Gospel. We never determine whether or not we will suffer — a measure of suffering is assured each of us in this life; rather, we are permitted to say, to a degree at least, and through the choices we make, what we will suffer for.

Does our faith in God absolutely assure us that whatever we are suffering here is part of God's will — at least that he permits it — and that our lives may be a blessing to others, a witness to our Lord no matter what the situation or circumstance? The little leper woman had learned that whatever life might bring, through Christ Jesus there was a way to lay up for herself those treasures in Heaven of which he often spoke. She proved beyond any doubt that there is nothing in one's life that God cannot use if the heart and soul belong to him alone.

This patient woman personified the words of Gilbert M. Beeken: "Other men see only a hopeless end, but the Christian rejoices in an endless hope." This is true even from a leper's bed — an endless hope. It produces the strength, born of heart-ache and tragedy, to say humbly, "I think God uses me — sometimes."

There remain only the words of Paul, writing from prison, to the Christians at Philippi. "For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake" (Philippians 1:29, KJV).

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Matt. 5:1-12; Rom. 5:1-8; 2 Cor. 12:7-10.

1. How much is your Christian witness and outreach limited by your circumstances of the moment?
2. The Apostle Paul said he could "glory in tribulation." What did he mean by that? Could you do it?
3. The woman with leprosy used her personal adversities creatively by letting God "translate" them into opportunities for serving him. Try to think of some examples of problems you have experienced which could have been used in the same way.

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Uncle Izzy's Pickle Barrel

By Edgar F. Wright

CAPTAIN James Ordway stared glumly at the order lying on his desk.

Two weeks had passed and he had made no progress. There was no comfort in the fact that other captains in the brigade were in the same fix. It was fortunate that orders to move had not yet arrived. But they could come any day.

"Prepare your trucks with least possible delay for active overseas assignment. Signed, I. J. Mason, Major." The captain had read it over and over. Excuses didn't go with the major.

Captain Ordway's company of battered trucks had seen two years of New Guinea jungle warfare. All the derelicts that his watchful men had sighted had been already stripped of useful parts. Even baling

wire was hard to come by. The truck companies watched each other against moonlight requisitioning.

"It's worse than the Japs," confided a brother officer.

Captain Ordway had written a requisition for a brand new lot of trucks. Major Mason had laughed at him. "I like your optimism, Captain, but Santa Claus doesn't visit warm countries. Do the best you can." But the major liked the captain's brash effort, and put the requisition through. "It'll only go into somebody's desk-drawer," he warned.

• • •

THE screendoor opened and Sergeant Shapiro entered the small



office. He wore a broad grin. "Captain. Sir," he said, saluting, "We've got 'em!"

"Got what?" asked Captain Ordway.

"The trucks you requisitioned, Sir. *All* of them."

The captain gave the sergeant an incredulous look. "This isn't funny, Sergeant," he said. Sergeant Shapiro held out the paper in his hand. It was a delivery form, addressed to Captain James Ordway, referring to his requisition, and requesting receipt on the carbon copy,

"50 — 2½ ton cargo trucks
49 — 1 ton cargo trucks
1 — ¾ ton weapon carrier
4 — ¼ ton jeeps."

"How did you manage this, Sergeant?" asked his somewhat dazed commander.

"Kind of a swap, Captain, Sir," replied the sergeant.

"What kind of a swap?" asked the frowning captain.

"Well you see, Sir. The supply sergeant at headquarters had a requisition he hasn't been able to fill, and I helped him out with one he could fill."

"What was his requisition?"

"For a fleet of broken down trucks, Sir."

"You mean . . ."

"Well, Sir. It's easier to carry out a requisition as it's written than to get it changed."

"You mean that you got him to give you an entirely new lot of trucks for our bunch of junk?"

"That's the way it works out, Sir." The captain stared at the form he held in his hand, and shook his head. "You're an amazing man, Sergeant. Where are these trucks?"

"Just landed, Sir. Better get there quick before some of those buzzards get ideas." Sergeant Shapiro had it all worked out. The switch was to be made truck for truck. Two drivers were assigned to each of the old battered vehicles of Company D. One driver was to transfer to a new truck and try the engine before his mate left the driver's seat of the old truck, and relinquished it to another driver.

"It's wonderful!" said Captain Ordway with a sigh of relief, as he watched his fleet of spotless new trucks wind their way up the steep road from the docks.

"Keep your greasy fingers off that new paint," he heard the sergeant shout to one of the drivers.

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SERGEANT Shapiro was somewhat of a mystery. No one seemed to know how he had become Supply Sergeant. But his performance had been so perfect that one hesitated to interfere, and ask where he had received authority. There was the matter of the captain's office. The necessary lumber had appeared, carpenters had been uncovered in his own outfit, and the trim little building had been quickly erected. The door and the two win-

dows were screened with plastic fly screen — a boon the captain appreciated. Other necessities and comforts had come from nowhere. Captain Ordway had once asked the sergeant where he had acquired his ability. "Did you graduate from college?" he asked.

Sergeant Shapiro laughed. "Brooklyn High was all the schooling I had," he said. "But where I learned the most was in Uncle Izzy's delicatessen. You've got to be smart to run a delicatessen."

Captain Ordway let it go at that.

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SEVERAL days passed, and Captain Ordway was called to Major Mason's office. "Our orders have just come, Captain," said the major. "We embark day after tomorrow." With a grin he continued, "I see you have 'reconditioned' your trucks. How did you do it? Got an uncle in the Pentagon?"

Captain Ordway only smiled, but he would have liked to have told the major, "No. It's more like an Uncle Izzy in Brooklyn."

Two days later the new trucks were hoisted on board a dirty, battered cargo ship. Captain Ordway and his men of Company D embarked, with other companies. The ship headed east, then north, and then northwest. "The Philippines," said Sergeant Shapiro. "General MacArthur promised he would come back." None of the officers on the ship would confirm nor deny the conjecture.

Two shepherd dogs of the Navy

dashed back and forth around the convoy looking for Jap subs. The men on the slow-moving ships gratefully watched the swift maneuvers of the destroyers.

After eight days, islands began to appear — hundreds of them — on port and starboard. And enemy aircraft appeared with them. Two more destroyers arrived, their anti-aircraft guns busy.

"Where's our air cover?" asked Captain Ordway of Major Mason.

"That's what we're here for, Captain. As soon as we can get some airstrips built we'll have our cover. Until then, it'll be rough."

"Looks like the Philippines," ventured the Captain.

"I can tell you now," replied the major, "We're headed for Leyte. Landing tomorrow morning."



COMPANY D had been assigned Area B-8. It included a long, white, sandy beach. The captain whistled when he saw the huge pile of wooden cases — large and small — stretched along the beach. Jap aircraft had already found it. There had been some hits, and several bomb craters showed in the surrounding sand. "Get it off the beach as soon as possible. In the meantime guard it day and night," were the orders.

The captain relieved four bored infantrymen, with his own men. Sergeant Shapiro was standing nearby looking intently up into the trees.

"No time to pick coconuts, Sergeant," quipped the captain.

"I'm thinking of a platform in that tree, Captain, Sir," replied the sergeant. "Not safe to have a guard on the ground at night. Too easy for those jungle rats to sneak up. From a platform you can see any movement, even at night, against that white sand."

"Makes sense, Sergeant. Where did you get this idea?"

"Mostly from Uncle Izzy's delicatessen; in Brooklyn. You see, there was a salt-pickle barrel in the back room, and once in a while kids would sneak in, and try to steal the pickles. Uncle Izzy would shout, 'Du lettke paskudnyaks! Dot peekle barrel heraus get!' The kids could never figure how he could see them through the partition. 'Ol' Sossel-meyer's got X-ray eyes,' they said.

"How did you work it?" asked the captain, laughing.

"By mirrors, and hand signals," replied the sergeant.

"Go ahead with the platform," said the captain. "I don't know how we would get along without Uncle Izzy."



THE PEACEFUL beach roared into activity!

With a borrowed bulldozer a road was cut, a tent area cleared, and separate sheltered spots made for the trucks. A nearby stream provided good water. A cook tent was soon in operation. Sanitary conveniences were installed.

Sergeant Shapiro was everywhere.

The third morning, after his inspection of the beach, Captain Ord-



way came back to his tent. Two men were stringing wires on poles. "What's the idea?" asked the captain.

"Communications, Sir," said one of the men. "Sergeant Shapiro . . ."

The captain cut him short with a wave of his hand and entered the tent. On the crude table stood a telephone; on his cot was a new air mattress. With mixed feelings the captain shouted, "Sergeant Shapiro!" The sergeant appeared from nowhere, saluting, with an innocent look on his face.

"Don't you know this will get me into deep trouble, Sergeant? 'Liberating' from the stockpile, I sup-

pose. This could mean court-martial"

Sergeant Shapiro produced a paper from his pocket. "What's this?" asked the captain.

"You remember those missing cots you told me to round up somewhere? Well, I went to headquarters and made sort of a deal with the supply sergeant." Captain Ordway groaned.

"Sooner or later you're going to get me into trouble with your 'deals.' How'd you work this one?"

"Read the requisition, please, Sir," said the sergeant. The captain read, "50 cots, more or less, and any necessary emergency supplies from

stock piled on beach B-8."

The captain pursed his lips. "I don't know how you do it, Sergeant. This virtually gives you that stockpile, if you can prove it's for an emergency. But this telephone — how can you justify that?"

"Necessary to complete the lookout, Sir. Guard would be handicapped in an emergency if he couldn't communicate."

Captain Ordway thought for a few moments. "You're on thin ice, Sergeant. Take it easy, and let me in on these ideas of yours, before you execute any more. I'm supposed to be in command, you know."

"Yes! Sir!" Sergeant Shapiro saluted.

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THE TELEPHONE on the table buzzed. Captain Ordway turned on his comfortable mattress, and picked up the receiver. "Captain Ordway."

"Sir," came an excited whisper, "Enemy approaching in small boat."

"How many?" asked the captain.

"Can't be sure, Sir. I think about five. Shall I light the flare and fire?"

"What flare?"

"We have several army aircraft flares rigged up, Sir. There'll be enough light to fire."

"Shapiro again!" thought the captain. "Go ahead, light the flare and fire." Almost instantly he could hear over the phone the hiss of burning magnesium, followed by rifle shots; then a loud explosion.

"Got three men, Sir," the shore lookout shouted. "That was one

headed for the stockpile. Must've hit the demolition charge he was carrying."

"Any more of the enemy?" asked the captain.

"A boat's pulling away from shore, Sir. Think there are two men in it. I can't see well enough to hit them."

A voice broke in on the line. It was Shapiro's. "Probably a Jap sub lying off shore. Shall I put you through to headquarters, Sir?" Before he could answer he heard a click and another voice, "Who the hell's on this line?"

"Captain Ordway, Company D, B-8, Sir."

"Don't you know this is headquarters, Captain! You can't. . ."

"This is an emergency! Enemy attempt to destroy our stockpile. . ."

"Why didn't you say so!" . . . Another voice came on the line.

"Colonel Harrison."

"Captain Ordway, B-8. . ."

"Don't you know this is headquarters? What do you mean. . ."

"Emergency, Sir. I'll explain later. Enemy attempt to destroy our stockpile. We stopped them, but a boat is pulling away from shore. Probably a Jap sub. . ."

Captain Ordway could hear the Colonel's shouted commands, "Get a plane up, with flares and bombs — off B-8. Look for small boat and enemy sub." The line went dead.

"Sergeant Shapiro!" shouted Captain Ordway. The sergeant entered the tent. "This is all highly irregular, Sergeant. I know you mean well, but this'll get us into trouble, sure. Don't do anything without an order. I'll take the blame for this."

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THE NEXT morning Captain Ordway entered Colonel Harrison's office. The colonel jumped up from his desk, hand extended. "Congratulations, Captain. We got the rubber boat and two wounded Japs . . . be useful to Intelligence. Not sure of the sub; they saw it in fairly shallow water, and dropped bombs. Frogmen checking this morning." The Colonel's face clouded. "About this wiretapping, Captain. You know that's a serious matter. Can't be overlooked. You've got a very capable, but overzealous sergeant in your company. But the Signal Corps couldn't find any sign of a tap — they believe it was managed by induction."

"I'm sorry, Sir. I accept responsibility," said Captain Ordway. "I should have known about this and prevented it. I thought we would eventually land in trouble."

The colonel waved a lieutenant and an orderly out of the room, put his arm around the captain's shoulders, and lowered his voice. "Cap-

tain, off the record. We need more of that kind of 'trouble' in this army. It paid off this time."

An orderly knocked and entered with a sheaf of papers. "Excuse me, Sir."

"It's all right, Sergeant, come in." And in a gruff voice to the captain, "But keep it under control!"

Captain Ordway saluted.

Sergeant Shapiro was waiting in the jeep, all curiosity.

"We're off the hook this time, Sergeant. But nothing more like this without specific orders from me. Understand?"

"Yes! Sir!" replied the sergeant, starting the motor.

"Where did you learn about induction?" continued the captain, "Was that, too, at Uncle Izzy's?" The sergeant grinned.

"No, Sir. Several of us wanted to learn about telephony and telegraphy. Our physics instructor at Brooklyn High taught us on Saturday afternoons."

"It paid off this time, Sergeant. But one more stunt like this and you'll land us all in Uncle Izzy's pickle barrel. ■ ■

Christmas Clearance

Put them away.

The candles, garlands,
wreath and tree.

Read through the cards again.

But keep this out

for everyday —

Christ alive, and
sharing your way.

— Pollyanna Sedziol

PHOTO CREDITS

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"He Put the Stars Back into My Sky"

By Harold Garnet Black

WHEN on October 5, 1969, Harry Emerson Fosdick died of a heart attack in Bronxville, N. Y., at the age of 91, the world lost one of its most distinguished religious leaders. For over a half century his outspokenness in the field of Christian theology made him the target of almost endless controversy. His early acceptance of the liberal view concerning biblical matters helped to precipitate a general revolution in religious thinking and for many years destined him to be its storm center. This new movement was particularly distasteful to Fundamentalists or biblical literalists, who regarded him as a heretic and their greatest enemy.

Recently I finished rereading Dr.

Fosdick's autobiography. Published in 1956, it takes its title, *The Living of These Days*, from a line in his well-known hymn, "God of grace and God of glory," which has found its place in several Protestant hymnbooks. Originally composed for the dedication of the world-famous Riverside Church, it will be forever associated with his name. "I suppose I'll be remembered longer for having written that hymn," he wrote me some years ago, "than for any of the books I have written." This 324-page autobiography gives an inside, documented, and fascinating account of his stormy career.

Born in 1878

Harry Emerson Fosdick was born

Dr. Black's last article appeared in the June '73 issue. He resides at 842 East Villa Street, Pasadena, CA 91101.



Harry Emerson Fosdick

in 1878 in Buffalo, New York, where his grandfather has been a teacher for more than a quarter century and where his own father had embarked on a similar career when Harry was six and lasting 54 years. When only seven, Harry joined the Baptist church. In his early school days, however, religion became a source of considerable unhappiness, a circum-

stance which developed because the sermons of that day dwelt largely on the terrors of hell. The result was that, when a little later the family moved to Lancaster, thoughts of God had become a horror to him.

During his first year at Colgate University his mental horizon greatly widened. He felt the impact of stimulating personalities among his

teachers and soon became convinced of the correctness of Darwin's evolutionary theory. The next year financial difficulties forced him to remain at home. He earned money by clerking in a bookstore at four dollars a week and was delighted later to have his salary raised to six dollars. That off-year proved to be of vast importance intellectually and religiously, for he found that he could no longer accept the literal accuracy of the Bible as sound science and history.

His Pilgrimage

He therefore gave up his early religious beliefs and after his return to the university as a sophomore astonished his friends by his total lack of interest in religion and the church. At the beginning of his junior year he confided to his mother, "I'll behave as though there were a God, but I'm going to clear God out of the universe and start all over to see what I can find!" Thus, on an agnostic if not an actually atheistic basis, he set out on his religious pilgrimage determined to build his own philosophy of life.

One thing, however, continued to puzzle him: the fact that nearly all his professors — all intellectually respectable, some even eminent in their fields — were men of Christian faith! Though vastly indebted to a great many Christian leaders, Fosdick declared that it was William Newton Clark who did most to outflank his intellectual difficulties by making religion both real and vital. "Had it not been for him," Dr. Fosdick confesses, "I suspect that I

should never have been a Christian minister." What a tribute to the power of personal influence!

After a seminary year at Colgate young Fosdick entered Union Theological Seminary on a scholarship; he studied philosophy at Columbia University, fell in love with Florence Whitney, a Smith College graduate whom he later married, and put in a devastating summer's work in the New York Bowery. There he saw America's raw slums at firsthand. Such a prolonged strain, however, proved too much and was the prelude to "the most hideous experience" of his life, involving melancholia, obsessive anxieties, and even a desire for suicide. Fortunately, several months in an Elmira sanitarium and a subsequent six-weeks' trip to Europe effected a partial cure, though he was still far from well when he returned home.

In that harsh and devastating experience Fosdick discovered some things about religion which theological seminaries do not teach. "I learned to pray," he wrote. He learned also that "God is an immediate, available Resource, a spiritual Presence in living communion with whom we can find sustaining strength." One result of that experience was his book called *The Meaning of Prayer*, later translated into seventeen foreign languages.

"Because you are too wealthy"

Dr. Fosdick's first pastorate was at the First Baptist Church in Montclair, New Jersey. It began in 1904 and lasted eleven years. During that time he was invited to speak at many

university chapels and also taught courses in religion at Union Theological Seminary. Afterwards he became minister at the First Presbyterian Church at Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street in New York. In 1925, however, he resigned because of his liberal theological views. He could not conscientiously accede to the Fundamentalists' demand that he subscribe to the Westminster Confession of Faith.

Upon his resignation at First Presbyterian other opportunities to preach opened up, one being at the New York Avenue Baptist Church, of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was a member. The fact that that church would not receive unimmersed Christians into full membership made Dr. Fosdick's refusal necessary. Mr. Rockefeller, the best known member of the church discussed several other possibilities with him, one being that a new church be built elsewhere amply equipped to serve the metropolitan community. Astounded by a further refusal, Mr. Rockefeller insisted on knowing the reason. "Because you are too wealthy," came the frank reply, "and I do not want to be known as the pastor of the richest man in the country!" For a moment there was dead silence. "The laughter that followed," wrote Dr. Fosdick, "helped at least a little to grease the ways for the launching of the Riverside Church."

Not until 1931, five years after the original plans were drawn, was the new cathedral-like structure dedicated with its stained-glass windows imitating those of Chartres



The tower of the famous Riverside Church, dedicated in 1931. It stands as a monument to Dr. Fosdick and remains a center of ecumenical activity to this day.

Cathedral and its numerous sculptures representing many of the great in human history from early biblical times down to the present century. Inasmuch as more of Dr. Fosdick's life energy was poured into the construction and later development of the world-renowned Riverside Church on Morningside Heights in New York than into any other single undertaking, he devotes more space to a description of that interdenominational enterprise and its broad range of religious and social activities than to any other single phase of his life work.

To him preaching was serious business. A sermon, he insisted, should be more than a pleasing essay or lecture. It should not only discuss repentance but also persuade people to repent, produce faith in the listeners' lives, and send them from Sunday worship with victory in their possession. This was precisely his own aim during the many years of his National Vespers radio ministry, for which he never asked and never received a penny of compensation. The hundreds of thousands of appreciative letters which came from all parts of the world were compensation enough.

A Counselor first

What made Dr. Fosdick's years of service at Riverside Church so effective was the fact that his sermons were largely based on what he had learned through individual counseling, through his dealing with troubled souls at firsthand. Such intimate consultation was a kind of Protestant version of the Catholic con-

fessional. "I am commonly thought of as a preacher," he writes, "but I should not put preaching as central in my ministry. Personal counseling has been central."

Ministers who practise effective counseling are not ignorant of life's raw facts, of men's sordid sins and passionate debaucheries. Declares Dr. Fosdick, "I have shared vicariously in the 'confessional' the struggles of human souls with every kind of guilt — murder, adultery, alcoholism, all manner of sexual perversion — until I can imagine no revelation of moral chaos and evil-doing that would surprise me."

The value of such counseling is suggested by two brief stories. One is the case of a thoroughly distraught Negro minister whose wife had just taken her own life. After two hours of counseling and personal encouragement, the broken-hearted man, when leaving, confided to Dr. Fosdick's secretary, "He put the stars back into my sky."

The other concerns a young man who came one night to his home after having failed to commit suicide. A relationship of confidence was swiftly established, and the stranger proceeded to reveal a psychological history full of shame and self-hatred. In a few hours, however, he got a new perspective on his own character and spiritual resources, which made a picture of himself far different from that which had led to his attempt at self-destruction. He left that night exclaiming, "I'm a new man in a new world!"

During his twenty years of service in Riverside Church Dr. Fosdick ex-

pressed the conviction that the major task of Christianity is the application of Jesus' principles to human life. It was a conviction whose viable character had been validated many times in his own deepening religious experience as well as in the social service which Riverside Church emphasized in its dozen kitchens and its seven-days-a-week program.

His book titled *Dear Mr. Brown* (1961) attempts to answer such questions regarding religious faith and practice as often arise in the minds of serious young people — questions, for example, concerning evil, modern science and the Bible, the Trinity, the supernatural, other

religions, Christian doctrines, and joining the church. The author's long and varied experience enabled him to handle such perplexing questions with unusual skill and effectiveness.

Dr. Fosdick's unusually wide range of activities — experience at the battle front, religious controversy, pulpit ministries, teaching, counseling, world travel, contact with outstanding world leaders, together with the 35 books and numerous magazine articles he wrote, many after his official retirement — all these suggest something of the enormous influence he had on the religious thought and life of the 20th century.

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Romans 8; Titus 1:1-3.

1. Look up Dr. Fosdick's hymn, "God of Grace and God of Glory" (No. 302 in the *Armed Forces Hymnal*). Read all the verses. Sing it if possible. What feeling do you get from the words? The music?
2. Have you ever experienced serious religious doubts? How did you handle them?
3. Reread Dr. Fosdick's concept of preaching. Do you agree with it? What do you expect to get from a sermon? What is your responsibility as a sermon-listener?
4. Which do you think is the minister's more important role — preaching or personal counseling?

After the Blow

The wind was whittling the world last night,
Cutting it down with a whetted blade;
Hurling the shavings from left to right,
Mad with its power and unafraid.

But now in a dusty, desperate dawn,
With knife point bent and edge unfiled,
With the strength of its fingers wasted and gone,
The wind is a lonely, whimpering child.

— Enola Chamberlin

How the Bible Came to Thailand

By Thomas W. Klewin

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH has been in Thailand approximately 300 years, yet not until the late 1960s was the entire Bible translated into the Thai language.

In a sense this is a result of a new era of Church cooperation, for this is an ecumenical Bible, translated by the Catholic Biblical Commission of Thailand and the Protestant Bible Society of Thailand and Laos in a joint venture.

The beginnings of the cooperation came when the Catholic Biblical Commission decided to translate the entire New Testament into Thai (until 1965 the only Catholic translation available to the Thais contained just the four Gospels and the

Acts of the Apostles). As they worked on the New Testament, the Catholic translators contacted the Protestant Bible Society of Thailand and inquired if it were possible to work on the remainder of the Bible together. The Protestant Bible Society was already well into the translation of the Old Testament, but agreed to delay the completion of the work and include the Catholics in the project.

The ecumenical translators faced their first problem in coming to an agreement about Biblical names. Until then, most of the Biblical names used by the Catholics and Protestants in the Gospels and Acts were quite different. Interestingly, the

Mr. Klewin is a retired USAF Chaplain who now resides in Montague, Prince Edward Island, Canada where he is teaching and writing.

Arab-Israeli Six-Day War solved the problem for the translators. The Thai newspapers covering the war used English transliteration for the Israeli names, and most of the names were Biblical ones.

English Their Second Language

It merely confirmed what the Protestant Bible Society had already discovered: English was the second language of the Thai people. The Society had published a bi-lingual New Testament with Thai on one side and English on the other. It proved especially popular with the high school and college students, most of whom were studying English as their second language.

With this major hurdle behind them, the ecumenical group of translators rapidly completed the work of putting both Old and New Testament into Thai. In the meantime, another ecumenical translation was being worked on. It was a translation of the New Testament into popular, vernacular Thai. The translation was based primarily on the American Bible Society's Popular English translation, *Good News for Modern Man*. This translation is now completed and available. Work is being done on a similar translation of the Old Testament, so that in another year there will be two complete versions of the Bible in Thai, where a half dozen years ago there were none.

The popular translation is aimed at people with no Christian background and with no more than a seventh-grade education. Education in Thailand is compulsory only up

through the seventh grade, and the new translation can conceivably reach every Thai.

The Gospels are often printed separately and at times as individual books complete in themselves. Each has a blue cover and binding, for blue is the favorite color of the Thai people.

There are also new titles for the Gospels; titles are designed to stimulate the curiosity of the people to read something about Christ. The Gospel of Matthew is called "The Great Teacher and His Command to Love"; Mark becomes "The Voice in the Wilderness"; Luke is entitled "He Submitted for the Sake of Love"; and John is called "The Teacher and the Light He Sheds on the World."

Reverence for the Teacher

The key word in this presentation of the Gospels is "teacher." As with most Asians, in Thailand, also, the person of the teacher is more important than his teachings. To invite the Thais to become acquainted with the Christian faith it's necessary to encourage them to discover the person of Christ before going on to the doctrines of the Christian faith found in the remainder of the Bible.

One other project is now testing the skills of the ecumenical translators — that of converting the Psalms into Thai poetry. The Psalms are being translated in this fashion because of the Thais love of poetry. The beauty of Thai songs, for example, is judged not so much by the melody as by the words. Most Thai music and songs are poems set to

music. This will mean that when the Psalms are completed, the Catholics and Protestants in Thailand will jointly have a ready-made hymn book. In a sense it will be similar to what the Scots did in setting the Psalms to music and using them as their primary hymnody.

Difficulties in Translation

Every translation runs into difficulties in placing the Bible into the vernacular and into the thought patterns of the people. In Thailand the translators faced four basic problems:

1. The first revolved around the use of the personal pronoun. In Thai there are many sets of "I's" and "you's." Each set has its own shade of meaning. Thais don't always agree among themselves as to the proper use of the pronouns, so it was difficult for the translators to find the correct ones for each place in the Scripture.

2. The Thais also have a "royal language," and to make the Bible acceptable, God had to be presented in the "royal language." But it's not a language or vocabulary used in everyday conversation. Fortunately, plays, radio broadcasts, T.V. and newspapers use the "royal language" whenever writing or speaking about

the king and queen.

3. One difficulty arose from the ecumenical nature of the translation. Protestants and Catholics had often used different words for spirit, Lord, angel, etc. When they couldn't reach an agreement, one of two alternatives was used. At times the two translations were combined into one, or a totally new word was used, acceptable to both groups. On occasion Buddhist scholars would be invited in, and the non-Christian would decide which word best communicated the Biblical meaning to the Thai people.

4. The final problem is one common to all translators — how to put abstract ideas into a more concrete form, especially the letters of Paul. Oriental languages are very concrete. The translators often had to resort to "idea translations" rather than word translations. Precise verbiage yielded to concepts.

Today the Thai people have a complete Bible, a popular version of the New Testament; and in a few years they will possess a popular Old Testament version, as well as a book of songs, the Psalms. It all came about because Christians, Protestant and Catholic, were willing to work together to bring the complete Word of God to the Thai people. ■ ■



Here's To You!

MANY toasts are heard in many languages at New Year's, extending best wishes for good health and good cheer. Try matching toast with language.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 1. Fi-Schatdsk! | a. Hawaiian. |
| 2. Banzai! | b. Greek. |
| 3. A Votre Sante! | c. Italian. |
| 4. Prosit! | d. Norwegian. |
| 5. No Zdrowie! | e. Arabic. |
| 6. Kong Chien! | f. Japanese. |
| 7. Is Yghian! | g. Polish. |
| 8. Skaal! | h. French. |
| 9. Houoli Maoli Oe! | i. German. |
| 10. A la Salute! | j. Chinese. |

Answers: 1-e, 2-f, 3-h, 4-i, 5-g, 6-j, 7-b, 8-d, 9-a, 10-c.



For the New Year

GO PLACIDLY amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons.

SPEAK your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

EXERCISE caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism.

BE YOURSELF. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

NURTURE strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

THEREFORE be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

— Found in Old St. Paul's Anglican Church,
Baltimore, 1692



Plan *your* Bicentennial Celebration!

Revolution '76!

By Kelvin Wallace Coventry



An exciting aspect of our Bicentennial Celebration is "Open House, USA," announced by President Nixon on July 4, 1972. He issued an invitation to the world to "come and join in our celebration of our proud past. Come and share our dream of a bright future." Here Miss Tamiko Wakabayashi of Toyonaka, Japan is welcomed by school children of San Mateo, Ca. and their teacher as a part of the Bicentennial "Sister Cities" program.

"**C**OME AND JOIN in our celebration of a proud past. Come and share our dream of a bright future."

President Nixon extended that invitation to the world last July 4th.

He urged every American to help light the candles on our 200th birthday cake. Thousands of communities and individuals are already at work spreading that flame in celebration of our freedom.



Independence Hall looked like this in 1776. A vast restoration project has cleared the area of its slums and virtually recreated this American shrine.

In Westchester, Pennsylvania, Robert Tarlecki has been praised as another "Johnny Appleseed" as he spreads springtime beauty along a 25-mile trail from Valley Forge to the Borough of Elverson.

George Washington had no pleasant memories of Valley Forge. His ragged little army starved and froze during the bitter winter of 1777-1778. Tarlecki's dream is to create a dogwood trail to memorialize victory over adversity.

"Impossible!" some critics said. "Where will the money and labor come from? It would cost a fortune!"

Tarlecki never batted an eye as he rounded up 500 volunteer workers. They salvaged trees from condemned properties, and local companies were glad to donate burlap

and twine for wrapping the trees.

Tarlecki's army marches on, foot by foot, as they plant dogwood trees twenty feet apart on both sides of the road. The plan is to finish the project by 1976 as a living legacy for everyone to enjoy during our Bicentennial.

MOST OF OUR citizens see the Bicentennial as an opportunity to get involved and to work towards improving the quality of life for all Americans. North, South, East, West, people are speaking out in actions as well as words just as our leaders spoke out in our founding years.

In Massachusetts, secondary school and college students are pledging 100 hours of service to the

nation. Each student will help clean up a river, help the elderly, tutor a younger child — take on one of more than a thousand citizenship projects.

In Spokane, Washington, high school and college area students are conducting contests to get junker cars off the city streets. They are proud of their city and want it spruced up when Expo '74 gets underway as a big Bicentennial event to clean up the environment.

Many have insisted that the Bicentennial must be something of lasting value. "Let's build people, not monuments," some have advised.

Did you know that one major goal during our Bicentennial deals with the eradication of sickle cell anemia? The National Medical Association is spearheading a program to wipe out the disease by 1976.

Sickle cell anemia is an eugenic disease of the red blood cells. Although about ten percent of our nation's black citizens are stricken with the disease, at this point there is no cure in view.

Another Bicentennial "bonus" is the possibility that American scientists may enliven July 4, 1976 with the first American landing on Mars.

"It is possible," states Irving Brown, program director of the instrumented landing scheduled for the summer of 1976 as America hunts for evidence of life on the distant planet. An aim of the program is to determine if there is, ever was, or ever could be life on Mars.

A MERICANS of all ages are using all the energy and ingenu-

ity they possess to create in the Bicentennial a lasting legacy to the country they love. Events are to be spread over the next decade. Commemorative stamps and medals are already saturating the nation.

Last July 4th, at Colonial Williamsburg, Virginia, Postmaster Kidd issued the first set of four Bicentennial Stamps. The 8-cent, dark-brown on buff commemoratives depict four colonial craftsmen — a glass maker, a silversmith, a wigmaker and a hatter. 135 million have already been printed.

(Below) David Halaas, 17-year-old Minneapolis high school senior, helps Postmaster George Kidd with first day ceremonies for four commemorative stamps portraying Colonial craftsmen at Colonial Williamsburg, Va. David writes two regular stamp columns for young people.



In New York City another novel plan is underway to make the Bicentennial meaningful to harried big city folks. This is a floating theater called The Showboat.

The Showboat will serve as a national model for water cities throughout the U.S. It is mobile and will serve the City of New York, playing one-week stands at piers throughout the five boroughs. Theater will thus be brought to people in their own neighborhoods.

Another significant plan is the concept of Bicentennial Parks in every state. Each park is to serve as a focal point for a giant celebration in 1976. The Bicentennial Parks are to be made up of people-oriented features, such as craft ex-

hibits, recreation facilities and covered amphitheaters for all of the performing arts.

"Let there be no sectionalism," George Washington once advised the struggling colonies. "You are all dependent one on another and should be one in union. In one word, be a nation: be Americans, and be true to yourselves." This is the spirit — the spirit of 1976.

President Nixon, in his State of the Union address of January 20, 1972, stated: "There are some who say that the old Spirit of '76 is dead — that we no longer have the strength of character, the idealism, the faith in our founding purposes, that that spirit represents. Those who say this do not know America."

America is on the march in these pre-1976 years. In Montebello, California, youth were so proud of Old Glory that they sold roses for months from door-to-door, in supermarkets and on street corners to finance a float in the Rose Bowl Parade.

The finished float was spectacular as its colors blazed out from TV screens across the nation. It was the largest flag ever made entirely from flowers — it required a flat measuring 50-feet long, 20-feet wide and 17-feet high. The governor of every state sent blooms to help decorate it. The kids called it "It's A Grand Old Flag."

The American Wind Symphony Orchestra, comprised of 57 young musicians, is also making its plans for 1976. They are eager to perform on a barge up and down the Ohio River during the months of the Bicentennial.

(Below) Inside Independence Hall stands the famous Liberty Bell.





Bicentennial Citizenship Projects: Here Judy Gallion, 17, a Red Cross Youth Volunteer helps out in the VA Hospital in Buffalo, New York.

Nineteen-year-old Paul Hofreiter has also made his musical contribution. He composed a Bicentennial symphony which premiered with a philharmonic orchestra. He dedicated his work to "the people of this country in hope of their realization of who they are, and from whence they came."

Artist Norman Rockwell, who is famous for his portraits of Americana, has confirmed that he is doing a special Bicentennial poster. "The idea will be a very, very great challenge and, believe me, I will do everything within my power to make it my masterpiece," he promises.

NOW THAT the United States has also issued its invitation to the world to help us participate in

our 200th anniversary celebration, many problems will have to be solved regarding foreign visitors.

Did you know 29 million visitors will congregate in the Washington, D.C. area alone in 1976? Where will these guests stay? Many won't be able to afford more than two or three dollars a day for a room.

President Nixon has urged Americans to open their hearts and homes to foreign visitors. "Make the U.S. the land of the open door in 1976," he advises.

One solution to bulging hotels and motels is the expansion of hostels in the United States. From a modest beginning in 1909, when the first hostel was set up in an elementary school in Germany, the idea has now spread to 47 countries. It is still in

its infancy in the United States.

For the "bike and hike" set the hostel is ideal. They provide simple lodgings at low cost. Plans call for their rapid expansion by 1976.

To encourage international travel and friendships the Sister City organization is devising projects for a big handshake across the oceans. More than 800 cities are involved.

"This is a time for all Americans — and their friends from abroad — to find pride in the past, purpose in the present and persuasion in the promise," is the theme adopted by this people-to-people affiliate.

WE ALL KNOW of the Russian Revolution, the French Revolution, the Chinese Revolution — but these shrink to insignificance compared to what was done here almost two centuries ago. Our forefathers' dream has revolutionized the thinking of free men everywhere.

SENATOR MATHIAS

(Continued from page 12)

On another occasion Mathias recalled that the hostess came up to him and introduced a young girl, saying "Do you know this girl?"

He did not.

"Well, she is my niece, and your wife tried to help her once, and I am going to vote for you."

The senator observed that often you do something you little notice, but because it does things for people it comes back like bread cast upon the waters.

Mathias first entered public service as Assistant Maryland Attorney

On the night of Feb. 24, 1972, while toasting a farewell to Chairman Mao and Premier Chou in the Chinese capital, President Nixon reminded his listeners that the plane which brought him there was named "The Spirit of '76." This exchange took place when the President left the banquet hall:

Chou: "You brought with you the Spirit of '76."

Mr. Nixon: "That's 1976."

Chou: "That is the 200th anniversary of *your* revolution."

The eyes of the world will be upon America during this Bicentennial era as we prove once again that the spirit of '76 is a spirit of openness, of brotherhood and of peace.

We can share with all mankind the eternal message of our first glorious Fourth — the message of liberty, of opportunity and of human dignity. It is a message supremely worth repeating. ■ ■

General in 1953. He was elected to the Maryland House of Delegates in 1958 and two years later defeated Representative John R. Foley for the seat in Congress. After four terms he ran for the Senate in 1968 and won decisively over two opponents.

The Maryland senator married Ann Hickling Bradford of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1958. They have two sons, Charles and Robert. ■ ■

It is impossible to mentally or socially enslave a Bible-reading people. The principles of the Bible are the groundwork of human freedom. — Greeley

Should You Remember

— Or Forget?

By Raymond MacKendree

MY HOMEROOM teacher in the seventh grade used to write a maxim each week on the blackboard and asked the class to memorize it. One of the maxims was, "A good memory is a priceless asset." As I listened to Miss Littleton explain the value of cultivating a long memory, I became convinced the maxim was a sound one.

Now, many years later, I know that a good memory can indeed be a valuable asset — or a distinct liability.

Consider a middle-aged friend who is resuming his education by taking an English course at an extension center. "On the first night, the professor asked me to indicate

the predicate nominative in a sentence," he told me. "I had to admit I had forgotten what a predicate nominative is. There was so much I had forgotten."

Yet this same man has persisted in remembering an experience which for a long time has kept him miserable. Against his better judgment, he let his older brother persuade him to invest money and time in a business that collapsed. "My brother (who had also put his money into the business) stepped almost immediately into a good-paying job, but I floundered about, doing one thing after another," he has told me on several occasions. "If I hadn't listened to my brother, I would have

Mr. MacKendree is a free lancer who can be contacted at 211 Woodland Drive, Thomasville, GA 31792.

used my money to advance myself and been much further along than I am now." Day after day, year after year, this man has lingered painfully over his short-sightedness. His good memory in regard to an unfortunate experience of the past has injured rather than assisted him.

The Scriptures tell us that there are certain things we should remember. They also say that there are other things we would be wise to forget. To be able to make the distinction between what we should remember and what we should forget may make the vast difference between advancing in discipleship or lagging behind.

The Example of Joseph

"Now Jacob loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age and he made him a coat of many colors" (Gen. 37:3, KJV). Sold into slavery by his jealous brothers, Joseph was taken to Egypt and underwent privation and imprisonment before Pharaoh recognized his ability and "made him ruler over all the land of Egypt" (Gen. 41:43, KJV).

Throughout his difficulties, Joseph remained close to God. Not until after Joseph had married and was a father do the Scriptures indicate certain specific ways in which God had blessed him. "Joseph called the name of his firstborn (son) Manasseh: for God, said he, hath made me forget all my toil, and all my father's house" (Gen. 41:51, KJV).

In Old Testament days, the name given to a Hebrew child often indicated something of significance that

had occurred in the father's life. Manasseh means "Who makes to forget." The act of forgetting — as implied here — does not mean a ruthless crushing from the mind of something in the past. Instead, it means to release, to let go. It indicates that a person should put into a healthy perspective that which has occurred but is now to be regarded as over.

Note that Joseph let go of two distinct kinds of memories. "All my toil" represents the labor forced upon him during his enslavement. "All my father's house" — in sharp contrast — indicates his youth when he was the favorite son of a loving father.

Joseph wisely accepted the fact that if he constantly clung to the bitter experiences of slavery — or even the bright memories of his early years — he could not be prepared to meet effectively the problems and opportunities that came to him. This fact is clearly revealed in the naming of his second son. "And the name of the second called he Ephraim: For God hath caused me to be fruitful in the land of my affliction" (Gen. 41:52, KJV).

Ephraim means "to be fruitful." The name implies achievement and success. It suggests that a person should be on top of circumstances, however difficult, instead of allowing circumstances to dominate him.

When his brothers came to Egypt seeking corn during the great famine, Joseph was able to help them and his father. He would not have been able to do so had he permitted his unpleasant memories to handicap him.

Can You Both Remember and Forget?

Does your mind keep playing back a long-ago event, or perhaps a more recent one? Do you constantly regret a certain decision, and think how much better off you would be now if you had made a different choice? Do you feel that since things have gone against you in the past, you will continue to dwell on a low level of accomplishment? Are you resentful — perhaps even hostile — because someone has not treated you fairly?

Now ask yourself this question, “Why am I here?” Your response to it will help you decide whether you should cling to certain memories or let them go.

If you are a religious person, you will agree that you are here to serve God. If a Christian, you are here to find eternal life through Jesus Christ, his son. You are here to testify of the Lord’s love and forgiveness. You are here to assist your fellowman. You are here to master the problems that arise in your life. You are here to grow, and to live triumphantly.

Any memory or set of memories that assists you in fulfilling the primary purposes for which God created you is beneficial. Any memory which tends to thwart you in fulfilling them is detrimental. You *can* distinguish between these.

The Apostle Paul said, “Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things” (Phil. 4:8, KJV).

Although Paul was not a psychologist, he suggested a principle that psychologists have since termed “substitution of thought.” Not all of us by force of will can change our thinking, but we can replace detrimental thinking by healthy thinking. When we dwell on that which is uplifting, there is no space in our mind for anything which would hold us back.

Yes, there are times when a good memory is a valuable asset, but there are other times when a good “forgettery” is even better.

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Proverbs 10:7; Eccl. 12:1; Luke 23:42; 1 Cor. 11:25; Phil. 3:13.

1. Compare your capacity for remembering — and forgetting — to that of a computer. How are they similar? How different?
2. What gimmicks or techniques have you discovered to help you remember important things?
3. The Scriptures frequently talk about God’s forgiveness in terms of “forgetting” or “not remembering” our sins. What does that mean to you?
4. Illustrate the “substitution of thought” principle — from your own experience, if possible.

Something Nice

About Tomorrow

By F. J. Shane

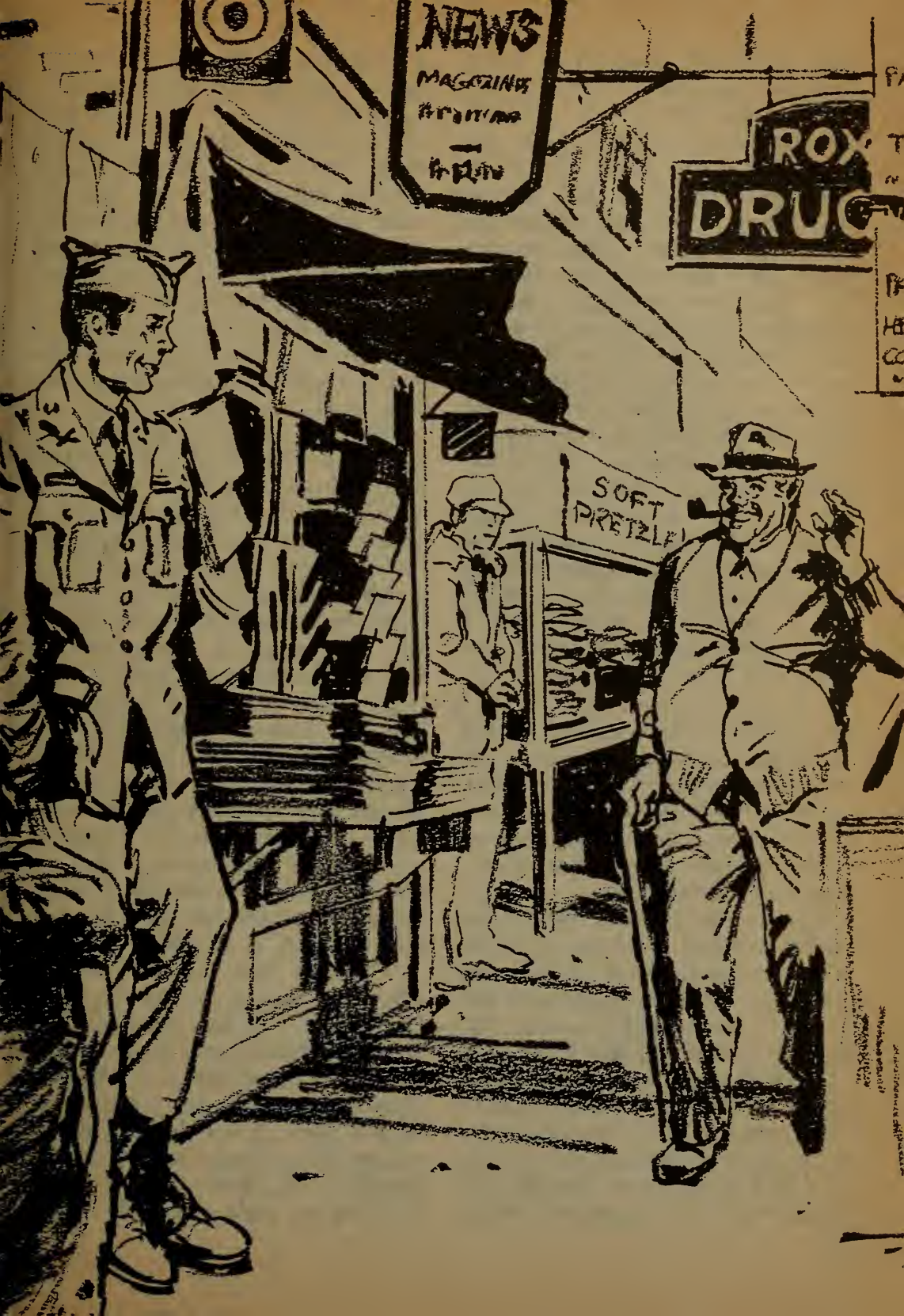
THIS IS hard for me to tell because I don't think many of you will understand everything I have to say. I'm not even sure where to begin. Y'see I'm only nineteen years old, my life story isn't very long yet and everything that has ever happened to me is kind of average. The most exciting thing that I have ever done was to go into the army.

If you ever get a chance to read this you're probably sayin', "So big deal, you went into the army, so why should I have to read about this kind of stuff?" Well, there is a little more to my story. The main reason I'm writing it down and everything is because when I was a kid I remember people sayin', "You don't know what it is really like because no one ever wrote it down." So I'm writin' it down so you'll know.

I lost track of time pretty easily, I've always been like that but I think this whole thing started about two weeks ago. It was this really great day. The kind of day that makes you want to get the old baseball gloves and ball out. Y'know the feelin', it's like the first day of Spring. The sun was shining. People were all walking around without their winter coats but they did have sweaters on because it wasn't that warm yet.

I was just standin' on this corner watching all the people walk by and had this wonderful tingling feeling running through my body. All the people looked happy too, y'know like it was Christmas time or sumptin.

Well, anyway, I was just standin' there having a really good time. I



had just gotten home from being overseas, remember I told you that I was in the army. I was a soldier, a really good one too. I was the type of guy the American Legion sends letters to when they get out asking them to join and telling them how proud everyone is because they were such a good American and all. They send those letters to everyone that gets out but that's not the point. Y'see the guy who writes the letter has this wonderful idea about the people he is sending them to. He knows that all the guys who get out aren't wonderful but he still has this kind of vision of what kind of guy they are. Well I was one of those visions. Not braggin' or nothin' but I was a pretty good soldier; gung ho and everything. A lot of guys didn't like to wear their uniforms but I did. Y'could say I was proud and I thought I looked good, too.

THERE I was standing on the corner. I wanted to buy a soft pretzel but I didn't have any money. I never could hold on to any money. I don't know, I guess I was born to be one of those people that always spends all their money.

While I was standing there wishing for a pretzel, good old Mr. Strin came walking up the street. I hadn't even been to see my parents yet but it sure was wonderful to see Mr. Strin. I always thought of him as a grandfather, of course, I never told him or anything like that. I used to think it in my head. He used to sit on his front steps watchin' us play hand ball in the street. He liked to watch us play. He would always say

it gave him a good feelin' to see young boys getting along so well.

All the boys really liked him too. He knew how to make you feel really great and everything. He would be sitting there watching the game like he was really interested and when you would hit the ball real good he would say, "Nice hit," or "That's the way to get a piece of it." Even though you were just a kid, when he would say things like that you would feel like a big league ball player.

When he got up to where I was standin' I said, "Hi, Mr. Strin. How have ya been feelin'?"

"Well I'll be! Dennis Osemer!" I could tell he was really happy to see me. You can always tell when people are happy to see you. Sometimes they're not but you can always tell. "My, my, look how grown up you are! How have you been?"

I could smell the pipe tobacco on him. That was one of the really nice things about him. He always smoked a pipe and when you talked to him the smell would make you feel safe. I know it sounds silly but whenever I smell pipe tobacco burning I always feel safe, y'know, like nothing can hurt me because this fatherly kind of "smell" is around.

"Oh, just fine sir, just fine." I talked to him like he was an officer. He kind of was, too; good old Mr. Strin deserved more respect than anybody I ever knew. I told him about being in the army and about all the places I had been. I didn't say anything about the girls I met, though. Mr. Strin was a good church-goer and you didn't talk

about that kind of stuff with him. I really liked him because of that, too. There is nothing worse than talking to a man you used to have all this respect for when you were a kid and then start making believe you were his equal just because you knew about girls and all.

Then he shook my hand. Good old Mr. Strin had strong hands for an old guy. I think he said that he used to work on the docks or sumptin like that. He had always been retired for as long as I could remember. "You'll have to stop around to say hello to Mrs. Strin. She'll be tickled pink to see you. She always like all you boys. It will make her very happy if you do, so try and make it, okay?"

Then he said that he had to go to the store and had to hurry home because his wife was making dinner. I didn't say anything to him but I knew that his wife had died a long time ago. I figured he was just getting old and was flipping out or sumptin. That happens to people when they get real old. As a matter of fact, I was a little shocked to see good old Mr. Strin because my mother had written to me and said that he had died too. I just figured she made a mistake or sumptin.

BUT THEN this other strange thing happened. I was still standin' on the corner and all of a sudden Mrs. Kennedy came walking up the street with her shopping bag. I remember when I was a kid, Mrs. Kennedy always had her shopping bag with her. When we were playing or anything and she was walking

up the street we would always walk her to her house. Then she would stick her hand inside that shopping bag and pull out some candy. She was really a swell lady. In the summertime she would give us lemonade and cookies and all.

Well, anyway, when I saw her I put my best smile on. "Hello, Mrs. Kennedy. Sure is a beautiful day, ain't it?" I remember that she was a school teacher or sumptin once and quickly said, "Isn't it?"

She smiled at me the way she always did when I made that mistake. She wasn't like the teachers in school who used to get all over ya when ya made a mistake. Her method really worked, too, because all of the boys used to try and use proper English when she was around.

She looked surprised when she saw me. And then with her really sweet friendly voice she said, "Dennis Osemer, my goodness, young man, you are a sight for old eyes. How wonderful it is to see you. Look how big you have gotten. Where do the years go?"

I was kind of embarrassed because she was really proud of me. "I've been in the army, Mrs. Kennedy."

"So I can see, you look very handsome in your uniform. If I was only a few years younger." Then she kind of smiled again. "It would have to be more than a few years, but anyway I would certainly have my eye on you."

It was really funny, but right then I kind of wished that Mrs. Kennedy was younger or that I was older. I wanted to marry her. Don't laugh.

I doubt very much if any of you are married to a person that is as wonderful as Mrs. Kennedy. I would have just liked to take care of her because she was all alone and everything. Some people are born really great people and it just isn't fair that they should have to grow old and be alone. Y'know what I mean?

Well, Mrs. Kennedy made me promise that I would stop by and visit with her. She really didn't have to make me promise because I would have visited with her anyway. Then she went off to do some shopping.

I was really feelin' funny after seeing her. You see, Mrs. Kennedy died a few years ago. I know that she died because I was allowed to take the day off from school to go to her funeral. All of the guys went to her funeral.

THEN BEFORE I got a chance to think about Mrs. Kennedy being dead and all, I started seeing all the people I really liked when I was a kid who had died. Three of my uncles who had died at different times were riding by in a car. They stopped and asked me if I wanted a ride. I said no and that I wasn't going any place special. Then I saw my grandmother who was coming out of a stationery store with these two men. I kind of recognized the two men but I wasn't sure who they were.

I called to her and then ran across the street. She was really surprised to see me. I was always her favorite grandson. You see, my father died when I was real little and she always kind of felt sorry for me.

Well, anyway, she introduced me to the two men. One of them was my father and the other was my uncle who died when I was real little too. I didn't know what to say. This tear started to roll down the side of my face and made me feel real embarrassed and everything. Here I was a soldier and standing there crying like some kind of little kid. We shook hands and everything and then my father put his arms around me and kissed me right on the lips. My grandmother was crying and my uncle was laughing and slapping me on the back and all. I don't remember when I was ever happier.

After that my grandmother made me go over to her house. My father carried my duffle bag. You should have seen him. He was prouder of me than I was of myself. I just felt so good I wanted to invite all the nice people I ever knew to a party and introduce them to each other. Boy, oh boy, I'll tell you, it was really sumptin.

The next day my grandmother explained to me what had happened. She was always good at explaining things. I remember one time when I was in seventh grade, I was havin' a lot of trouble with English grammar and all. Well, I just paid her a visit and she explained all that stuff to me. It was really sumptin because she was like in her eighties when she did that.

Well, she said that I had been in a war and got killed or sumptin like that. I don't like to think about it too much. But she said that everything was all right and there was nothing to be frightened of. She said

that this was kind of like heaven and the only people here were the people that I like. She also said that there were millions of heavens and every person that was ever alive had their own filled with all the people they liked. Of course, you couldn't have the people you like in your heaven until they died.

It might sound funny to you but I can't wait till the rest of the people that I really like die and can come to my heaven. You won't be able to understand this but it's a lot nicer here. Everything is almost the same but only nice things happen. You know how when you think about something that happened a long time ago you only remember the

good things. Well, that's how it is here.

Well, I have to go now. Me, my father and uncle are going over to the playground to play a little basketball. Mr. Strin said that he was going to come over and watch.

Oh, yeah, there was something else that I forgot to tell ya. My grandmother, Mrs. Strin and Mrs. Kennedy have become good friends. That's another nice thing about having your own heaven. You can let people become friends and everything.

Well, I gotta run now and if ya get a chance to read this I hope it makes everything where you are easier. ■ ■

Feedback

6 September 1973

Editor:

Please discontinue shipment of The LINK to USS TICONDEROGA (CVS-14). This famous and great ship is standing-down and soon to be decommissioned.

The LINK has served our crew helpfully for many years, and I know it has had a place in lives of many men who found inspiration and knowledge from its pages.

Thank you for the outstanding service you have given us.

Sincerely,

Lex L. Davis

CDR, CHC, USN

Chaplain,

USS TICONDEROGA (CVS-14)



The USS TICONDEROGA's Medallion

Recipe for moving ahead

Ingredients of Leadership

By Frank L. Remington

SOME years ago David, a fifteen-year-old immigrant from Russia, secured a job as messenger boy for the Commercial Cable Company. Even on his meager salary of five dollars a week, he economized and before long had enough money to buy an instrument to learn the Morse code. David studied each evening. He learned telegraphy by studying the code book and practicing on the telegraph key he had bought. To perfect his English, he carried a dictionary about with him and studied it during his spare moments.

Soon David secured a job as telegraph operator at the Marconi Company. After that David Sarnoff rose

steadily and eventually became the leader of The Radio Corporation of America.

Generally, leaders and successful people in politics, community affairs, business and industry, or other fields exhibit certain common traits. Taking each letter of the word LEADERSHIP as the initial letter of one important characteristic, collectively one perceives ten traits which have been instrumental in elevating prominent figures into positions of leadership.

Learning

The "L" in Leadership denotes learning. About three-fourths of the people listed in "Who's Who" are

Mr. Remington, a veteran LINK contributor, may be addressed at Box 75724, Los Angeles, CA 90075.

college graduates. An additional twelve percent attended college but did not graduate. So it's obvious that the more learning you acquire, the greater will be your chance for success.

Effort

The first "E" in leAdership represents effort. Most leaders, first deciding what they really wanted, pursued it with all the effort they could muster. If you want to write, paint or start your own business but don't because "I don't have time," you aren't willing to expend the necessary effort. Whatever you may say, your effort is a measure of your commitment.

In the sixth grade, Eddie Rickenbacker dropped out of school and worked in a factory to help support his large family. No effort seemed too great for him. Laboring twelve hours a night at his job, he peddled eggs and milk in the early-morning hours and then chopped wood, carried water and performed countless other household chores. Edward V. Rickenbacker later became president of Eastern Air Lines.

Once a visitor to Thomas Edison's laboratory expressed surprise at the large number of the inventor's unsuccessful experiments. Before perfecting the storage battery, for instance, he conducted over 50,000 experiments. "I don't count the unsuccessful experiments as failures," Edison explained. "Each one shows me something else that won't work." Edison expended effort on his experiments until he found something that *did* work.

Affirmativeness

The "A in leAdership represents affirmativeness; the old truth, "He can who thinks he can," figures prominently in high attainment in any field. One of professional football's greatest running-backs, Paul Hornung of the Green Bay Packers, asserted his affirmative attitude. "I believe in myself absolutely," Hornung declared. "I never think back to any failure, only to successes."

The Dodger baseball club's amazing Maury Wills, who set a new record for bases stolen in one season, attributes his success to affirmative thinking. Regarding his *modus operandi* for stealing second base while the opposing pitcher attempts to keep him on first, Wills says: "Once the pitcher has made a throw to first, that particular attempt is done with . . . I wipe it out of my mind. If I began to think back, then I wouldn't get as big a lead the next time. I don't ever let myself get on the defensive."

Determination

The "D" in leaDership stands for determination. "It can't be done," General Motors Corporation authorities told Charles F. Kettering. Even when he exhibited a working model of his light-weight engine, after five years of experimenting, some engineers said: "It's impossible." But the great research engineer went ahead anyway and the Diesel engine is a result of his determination.

"A failure establishes only this, that our determination to succeed was not strong enough." Perhaps

Christian N. Bovee's words inspired Glen Cunningham's determination to become one of the world's leading runners. "You'll never run again," the doctor pronounced gravely. Severely burned about the legs, seven-year-old Glen smiled. He had to run! That was his great ambition.

When the bandages were removed, he found he had no toes on his left foot, and his right leg was several inches longer than his left one. But with unshakeable determination, Glen made the track team in his junior year in high school. Later at Kansas University, he set a new world record for the mile run.

Enthusiasm

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. And that's why the second "E" in leader^{ship} denotes this important quality. No matter what your goal, the enthusiasm you put into your efforts will have an important bearing on your success.

Charles Luckman, who reached the presidency of the giant Lever Brothers Company while still in his thirties, displays a consuming enthusiasm for everything he tackles. Several years back he retired from business to work in the field of his first love — architecture. And he became a leading designer of houses and buildings. His wife epitomized Mr. Luckman's boundless enthusiasm when she remarked: "To Chuck, work is an avocation."

An immigrant boy at thirteen, Samuel Goldwyn made himself a millionaire before he turned thirty-five. "It is not enough to believe in

your work," Mr. Goldwyn observed, "or to be merely excited about it. You have to be completely in love with your job to be really successful at it."

Resourcefulness

The "R" in leader^{ship} stands for resourcefulness, a notable trait of most leaders. As a youngster, the elder John D. Rockefeller demonstrated it. Young John saved his pennies and nickels, and kept preaching to his brothers and sisters to do likewise. They, however, seemed more interested in buying candy and having a good time. John D. liked his candy, too, but he turned his pleasure to profit with resourcefulness. He bought candy by the pound and sold it to his brothers and sisters by the piece, making a neat profit.

Another fellow secured a job by exercising his resourcefulness. When he applied for a position, a long line of applicants waited ahead of him. Not discouraged, he rushed to a telegraph office and dispatched a wire to the employer: "Before hiring anyone see redheaded fellow at end of line." Whom do you suppose the boss hired?

Spunk

Few leaders reach the top without demonstrating an abundance of spunk, the "S" in leader^{ship}. Naval annals tell of a cruiser anchored in a Pacific harbor along with ships of other flags when a sudden and furious tropical storm broke.

At the first blast of wind, the cruiser captain hoisted anchor and

steamed out to sea into the teeth of the gale. It was tough going, and for two days the vessel's fate was in doubt. But the ship eventually returned to its moorings, battered but intact. The other vessels lay piled up on the shore, victims of the gale. Only the ship that went forward to meet its fate survived.

The future belongs to those with spunk to go forward, not to those who hope to ride out its furies. Years ago immigration officials could scarcely disguise their shudders at the sight of a crippled, hunchbacked figure who presented himself at Ellis Island for admission to the United States. If the shudders of those with whom he came in contact embarrassed this spunk-filled man, they did not discourage him. Year by year he rose in his chosen field until he became the chief engineer of the largest electrical company in the country. He was Charles P. Steinmetz, electrical wizard.

The spunk of George Washington, who mustered the appalling courage to attempt things that few would dare to try, characterizes many great leaders. Their philosophy is: "Take a chance. Even a turtle gets nowhere until he sticks his neck out." Most of the failures in life are those folks who played it too safe — those without spunk enough to test the truth of the old chiché, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

Humility

The "H" in leadership must denote humility. As John Ruskin put it: "I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility." Perhaps

Colonel John Glenn, first American to orbit the earth in a space capsule, epitomizes this trait. Returning from his epic flight across the heavens as a shining hero, Glenn went out of his way to acknowledge the hundreds of others who helped make the flight possible. And despite the wild adulation accorded him, he remained completely himself, modest and unassuming.

Leaders in every field constantly demonstrate their humility. Some years ago William Allen White, one time dean of American newspapermen, was awarded an honorary degree by Columbia. At the Commencement occasion, a quiet, unassuming man stood next to him in the academic procession. Mr. White turned to him with a smile. "We ought to know each other," he said. "I'm a small-town editor from Emporia, Kansas. My name is White." The man replied: "I'm a small-town doctor from Rochester, Minnesota, and my name is Mayo."

Introspection

If you aspire to achieve, you must employ self-examination or introspection, represented by the "I" in leadership. Getting to know yourself thoroughly is one of the most important rungs on the ladder to leadership. For no man ever deceives another in so clumsy and stupid a manner as he deceives himself.

At least once a year, perhaps on your birthday or New Year's Day, keep a date with yourself. In this period of introspection review what has happened to you during the

previous year. Ask yourself how you can make the best use of what you've done and learned up to now. Then decide what your dreams are for the coming year and plan exactly how to achieve them. At other introspection periods during the year, examine your progress honestly and if necessary alter your plans to fit changing conditions. If you're sincere about your goals and ardently practice the other characteristics of leadership, you'll come in on target.

Prayer

The "P" in leadership. "They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!" Thus Robert Burns pointed out the universal power of prayer. Most great leaders eagerly seek the counsel of the Lord.

George Washington, kneeling in the snow at Valley Forge, recognized the importance of prayer. During the Civil War Abraham Lincoln importuned his Father for guidance. Prayer refreshed him and gave him new strength for his rigorous duties. President Eisenhower prayed publicly at his inauguration.

Busy business leaders often set aside a period daily to talk with their Creator. In the sanctuary of his office, the president of one manufacturing concern confides in the Lord for a few moments each after-

noon. He says the habit gives him a new outlook and helps overcome his anxieties about the future.

Prayer is a powerful force. Abraham Lincoln expressed it this way: "I have had so many evidences of his direction, so many instances when I have been controlled by some other power than my own will, that I cannot doubt that this power comes from above. I frequently see my way clear to a decision when I am conscious that I have not sufficient facts upon which to found it. I talk to God. My mind seems relieved when I do, and a way is suggested."

Leadership, then, embraces these ten traits. Practicing them doesn't automatically guarantee success. But it's rather safe to predict that if you sincerely live up to the best that's in you and consistently cultivate Learning, Effort, Affirmativeness, Determination, Enthusiasm, Resourcefulness, Spunk, Humility, Introspection and Prayer, you'll be a happier, better, more understanding individual.

Furthermore, there will be new light in your eye, a new spring in your step, a more vibrant quality in your voice, and an aura of joy and masterful living about you. Others will admire and respect you, even look to you for guidance — and that's what leadership means.

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Exodus 4; Luke 2:52; 2 Tim. 2.

Arrange the ten elements of leadership outlined in the article in order of importance. Discuss and defend your priorities.

Liberation Day

By Olga Sharpe Steele

KURTULUS BAYRAMI — Liberation Day — is celebrated in Erzurum, Turkey with tears, prayers and dancing. Liberation Day is in honor of Nene Hatun who was a sort of Molly Pitcher, Barbara Fritchie and Joan of Arc, all in one. The story of Nene Hatun is a story of fierce patriotism, of passionate devotion to country.

In November, 1877, Turkey was at war with Russia. A Russian regiment besieged the city of Erzurum. The walls had been breached, and the Russian flag had been raised over the citadel. A small Turkish garrison was dug in along the outer ramparts, but it looked as though the city was doomed. All the roads into the city were held by the Russians. Only the hills to the north and west offered sanctuary for the

weary Turkish soldiers or for refugees from the city.

War between Russia and Turkey was not new. Russia coveted a warm sea port. She kept trying to get control of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, two straits through which water flows from the Black Sea into the Aegean Sea and thence to the Mediterranean. Control of the Bosphorus would guarantee Russian ships unrestricted access from Black Sea ports to the Atlantic Ocean.

Erzurum is more than 500 miles east of the Bosphorus, but it has often been prey to Russian aggression. Erzurum lies in the Karasu Valley, a fertile oasis in the mountain knot of northeastern Turkey. The Karasu is part of the main travel route south from Russia through the mountain knot. Many houses in

Erzurum show the influence of periods of Russian rule; nearly all the bridges over the Aras and Karasu Rivers were built by Russian engineers. The Turks have always retaken Erzurum, many times at great cost, however. So deep-seated is the Turks' hatred and fear of their neighbor to the north that mothers quiet their children with "If you don't behave, the Moskva (Russians) will get you!"

The Russian battle plan in 1877 called for pillaging Turkish supply depots and for assaulting Turkey's eastern flank to relieve pressure on the main Russian thrust in western Turkey. Both aims could be accomplished by taking Erzurum. Erzurum appeared to be only the shell of a city — a city of women and children, the crippled and aged, a city with only a token garrison manning its defense.

But things are not always what they seem. Erzurumites, of whatever sex, age or physical ability, began to collect by twos and threes. They smuggled word to the commander of the scattered Turkish troops that he could count on the support of all 2,000 of them. The reply from the commander said to be ready before midnight.

IN November, 1877 Nene Hatun was twenty-two years old. Her husband was fighting somewhere along the Bosphorus. Her baby girl, their first child, was only a few months old. "What can I do?" she kept asking herself. The Russian flag waved in full view from her house. She was a woman; she knew what

she could expect from enemy soldiers. The baby girl would be bayoneted; or, if spared, would be taken to Russia. "No," she cried to herself. "Allah gave her to me. Allah will care for her." She put the baby to her breast. The baby made sucking noises; her eyelids began to droop. Nene Hatun rolled the child in quilts and laid her on the dirt floor in the darkest corner of their house. She stacked pillows around the sleeping child.

Then Nene Hatun pulled on a pair of baggy pants over her full skirt and knotted a shawl over her long black hair. She grabbed the sickle she used for harvesting wheat and crept into the night to join the others massing silently below the citadel.

There is no record of the exact hour when the Turkish soldiers began their counter assault. There is no record as to how many of those who swung sickles and scythes, knives and clubs to reinforce the soldiers' guns fell before Russian fire. But Nene Hatun led their advance over the walls into the citadel; the Russian fire gave way before the ferocity of the onslaught. When dawn came, the city — though more than half destroyed — was in the hands of its defenders. Turkish soldiers pursued the fleeing Russian army, and the townspeople began to clear up the rubble. They had won their battle.

Nene Hatun's house was one that had been destroyed. Her child could not be found. When friends sought to comfort her, she moaned, "It is Allah's will."

IN 1952 when Nene Hatun was ninty-seven years old, General Matthew Ridgway, then Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, made what he called a pilgrimage to Erzurum, Turkey to pay homage to the woman whose heroic action in 1877 is a by-word in all of Turkey. Nene Hatun brushed aside the general's words of tribute and said to the interpreter, "Please thank General Ridgway for honoring me, a humble woman, with this visit, and tell him these old bones could do the same thing again today if they had to."

So Kurtulus Bayrami — Liberation Day — might well be named Nene Hatun Day. Whatever the name, it is celebrated in northeastern Turkey with tears and prayers and dancing! ■ ■

New Year Coming

Despite my reluctance
to have this good year end —
(it's been to me
a better friend
than others I've endured)

tomorrow's year
comes inexorably,
not promising
nor threatening
but rather, self-assured.

I will be content
to open wide its door
and welcome each
new day as one
that's closer to Life's core.

— Pollyanna Sedziol

Daily Bible Readings
The Word of Life
January

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	John	1:1-5
2	Psalms	67:2-7
3	Galatians	4:4-7
4	Luke	2:16-21
5	Luke	22:24-28

All Will Serve Him

6 Sunday	Isaiah	60:1-6
7	Psalms	72:6-14
8	Ephesians	3:2-6
9	Matthew	2:1-2
10	Isaiah	42:1-7
11	Acts	10:34-38
12	Matthew	3:13-17

Eyewitnesses of God's Glory

13 Sunday	Mark	1:7-11
14	Psalms	29:1-11
15	Daniel	1:9-14
16	Luke	3:15-22
17	Psalms	97:1-12
18	2 Peter	1:16-19
19	Matthew	17:1-9

Faithful Servants of the Kingdom

20 Sunday	Isaiah	49:3-6
21	Psalms	40:2-10
22	John	1:29-34
23	1 Corinthians	6:13-20
24	Isaiah	62:1-5
25	John	1:35-42
26	John	2:1-12

Putting on a New Behavior

27 Sunday	Isaiah	8:23-9:3
28	Nehemiah	8:2-10
29	1 Corinthians	7:29-31
30	Matthew	4:12-23
31	Jonah	3:1-10

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Chaplain, Captain, Carl T. Hawkins, USAF, Edwards AFB, Ca. swears in his son, a West Point graduate, as an Air Force Second Lieutenant. Allowed a choice of service because of his father's being a career man, Lt. Hawkins is in pilot training at Williams AFB, Arizona. Most of his education occurred in French schools. On 16 June his father also had the satisfaction of officiating at his marriage to Miss Linda Marie Rogers of Michigan.

News in Pictures

(Right) Victor Garber, who plays Jesus in the film version of the celebrated production, "Godspell," faces his disciples and leads them in a song. The scene was shot in Central Park, N.Y.





(Above) Chaplain (LTC) Clarence L. Reaser receives the Meritorious Service Medal from Major General Franklin M. Davis, Jr., CO of Carlisle Barracks, Pa. prior to leaving for duty at the US Army Chaplain's School, Ft. Hamilton, N.Y. He served as Assistant Post Chaplain of the Army War College's Memorial Chapel. His wife, Ruth, is at the left.

(Below) Chaplain Reaser's replacement at Carlisle, Chaplain (LTC) Kermit D. Johnson, reports in with his family. L-R are Christopher, 8, Karin, 17, and Mrs. Johnson. They come from Heidelberg, Germany, where Chaplain Johnson was pastor of the Patrick Henry Village Chapel.





Spin These!

By Wilson Breaker, Jr.

James Cleveland and the Gospel Girls: *Trust In God*. Savoy Records; Newark, New Jersey. Stereo, MG-14302: *Trust In God*; *Answer Us Now*; *Send It On Down*; *I Can't See Myself Without The Lord*; *The Haven Of Rest*; *Oh Say, But I'm Glad*; *Showers Of Blessings*; and *I've Got To Make It Home Somehow*. Personnel: James Cleveland and the Gospel Girls (Betty Hollins, Annette May and Esther McIsaac) — singers; very talented pianist, organist, bassist, percussionist and guitarist — unidentified.

To listen to this album is to realize why James Cleveland is America's top recording artist. It was during his boyhood years in Chicago listening to Mahalia Jackson (1911-1972) and working, particularly with Roberta Martin (1912-1969) and the Roberta Martin Singers, that he learned how to make effective use of gospel dramatic devices such as silence, glissandos, speech-singing, moaning, the twisting/turning/bending of notes and the like. Today he is tops. This album is a classic. His unidentified, talented instrumentalists are well-balanced and inject just the right amount of gospel improvisational techniques. Get this album and enjoy the old-fashioned testimonial/praise song, *Send It On Down* and a new modified hard rock version of *I've Got To Make It Home Somehow*.

Willa Dorsey: *I can Sing About My Jesus*. Word Records; Waco, Texas. Stereo, WST-8577-LP: *I Can Sing About My Jesus*; *The Old Rugged Cross*; *Seeking For Me*; *Fixed*; *Jesus Loves Me*; *Hallelujah*, *Praise The Lord*; *Peace In The Valley*; *Come, Ye Disconsolate*; *Get Right, Children*; and *Blessed Assurance*. Personnel: Willa Dorsey — singer; Rick Powell — conductor; members of the chorus combo — unidentified.

Here is an album that is an absolute must. Willa Dorsey's musicality is extraordinary. Her vocal gospel style is quasi Marion Williams. The overall musical style of the album is rock/soul/gospel with mixed chorus, organ, piano, bongos, bass and tastefully played wa-wa sounding guitar. There are three compositions in pure gospel

style: (a) blind composer, Fanny Crosby's composition *Blessed Assurance*; (b) Thomas A. Dorsey's *Peace In The Valley*; and (c) her own arrangement of *Come, Ye Disconsolate*. This lady is great. When she performs in your area, be sure to see her. In the meantime, get her album!

Readers are invited to correspond with Mr. Breaker about religious recordings. Please address him c/o The LINK, 122 Md. Ave., N.E. Washington, D.C. 20002 (Ed.)

Books Are Friendly Things

Good Morning Lord: Devotions for Women by EVELYN ANDERSON; **Devotions for Servicemen** by WAYNE E. WARNER; **Devotions for College Students** by LOUIS O. CALDWELL; **Devotions for Teens** by PAUL MARTIN. Baker Book House, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49506. 1972.

These four devotional booklets, each one having in it about sixty meditations, are very well done. Each author has some particular qualifications to write for his or her group.

The meditations are brief, positive and practical. They speak to the needs of the heart. I agree with the comment of the publisher when he says, "Reading one of the meditations each day will give one a start for more than just a good morning." Chaplains and pastors of churches would do well to keep a supply of these booklets on hand. They will find them helpful for distribution to those who come to them for counsel.

Johan Mulder

Ed. Note: There are five new booklets in this series worth noting.

Good Morning, Lord: Five-Minute Devotions by CHARLES R. HEMBREE; **Devotions for Campers** by FLOYD & PAULINE TODD; **More Devotions for Teens** by PAUL MARTIN; **Devotions for the Mature Years** by EVELYN ANDERSON; **Devotions for Children** by DENA KORFKER. Baker Book House, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49506. 1973. \$1.95, hardback.

We, the Lonely People by RALPH KEYES. Harper & Row Publishers, Inc., 10 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. 1973. \$6.95, cloth.

Keyes, a former news reporter, has produced a well-written, interesting and thoroughly documented book on a somewhat worn theme of the increasingly depersonalized world, yet it does bring new insights and approaches. The solutions are a bit weak, but the book is still worthy of reading by those concerned about the loss of community.

Paul O. Madsen

The Link Calendar

A new year is at hand. Each of us has come through another twelve months. To some 1973 brought gladness, to others great sorrow and loss, but to all have come new circumstances and hence new possibilities. As we take stock at year's end, make our resolves, and chart our goals for 1974, may we offer our lives anew to God. No matter what the new year brings, his purposes can triumph through us. Whatever comes, we *can* make it a good year!

- Jan. 1** Tuesday, New Year's Day. The LINK begins its 32nd year of continuous publication. On this day the Christian Church acknowledges Jesus' Hebrew lineage by keeping the Feast of the Circumcision.
Bowl games everywhere today!
- Jan. 6** The EPIPHANY, traditional Twelfth Day of Christmas, marking the end of the Church's celebration of Christ's birth. It is usually kept with Services of Lights; it stresses the arrival of the Wise Men at the Manger and Christ's coming for the sake of the whole world. This is also the SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.
- Jan. 8** Andrew Jackson Day in honor of the hero of the Battle of New Orleans.
- Jan. 13** FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY
- Jan. 15** Dr. Martin Luther King's birthday. He was born in 1929.
- Jan. 17** Benjamin Franklin was born on this day in 1706.
- Jan. 18-25** Annual Week of Prayer for Church Unity. Many inter-church visits and services locally. This world-wide Christian emphasis on unity (not sameness!) among brethren concludes on Jan. 25th, the FEAST OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE who was scandalized by news that his Corinthian Christians were divided among themselves. (1 Cor. 1:13)
- Jan. 20** SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.
- Jan. 27** THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.
- Jan. 30** HOLY DAY OF THREE HIERARCHS, St. Basil, St. Gregory, and St. John Chrysostom — the Orthodox Churches.

Worth Repeating

(Being material borrowed in part from SUNSHINE Magazine.)

Memory is what makes you wonder what you forgot to do.

Moderate: A fellow who makes enemies left and right.

The hardest thing to explain is something you had no business saying in the first place.

Our language is funny — a fat chance and a slim chance are the same thing.

A compliment may be blunt, but criticism calls for courtesy.

It is difficult to reach a conclusion while grasping for a straw in the wind.
— W. N. Rieger

A good frame of mind is essential for the picture of good health.

Biting off more than you can chew is another way of cutting your wisdom teeth.

If you are a born worrier, you were born at the right time.

Swallowing angry words is better than choking on an apology.
— F. G. Kernan

We'll conquer poverty even if it bankrupts us.

Maybe a dog is man's best friend because he wags his tail instead of his tongue.

With a fixed minimal salary our preacher is having a tough time feeding his family. As he goes through the checkout counter at the supermarket he invariably delivers a sermon on the amount.

— W. N. Rieger

If more and more cars continue to be recalled by Detroit, it may solve both the pollution and parking problem.
— Anna Herbert

Prayers at the Gate of the Year

AND I SAID to the man who stood at the gate of the year, "Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown." And he replied, "Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way."

So I went forth, and finding the Hand of God, trod gladly into the night. And he led me towards the hills and the breaking of day in the lone East.

— M. Louise Haskins

LORD, forgive what I have been; sanctify what I am; and order what I shall be. Amen.

LORD, take my lips, and speak through them; take my mind, think through it; take my heart, and set it on fire.

— The Rev. W. H. H. Aitken

LORD, make me the instrument of your peace.

Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
Where there is malice, let me bring pardon;
Where there is discord, let me bring harmony;
Where there is error, let me bring truth;
Where there is doubt, let me bring faith;
Where there is despair, let me bring hope;
Where there is darkness, let me bring your light;
Where there is sadness, let me bring joy. Amen.

— St. Francis of Assisi, 1182-1226

LORD, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last. Amen.

— John Henry Newman, 1801-1890

At Ease!

The sailor was so excited he couldn't get the words out. The officer whom he was trying to address grew impatient and shouted, "Sing it, sailor, sing it!"

The sailor drew a deep breath and sang:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot

And never brought to mind?

The Admiral's fallen overboard,
An' he's half a mile behind!"

— *Sunshine*, 4-72.

A five-year-old boy was asked by a new neighbor how many there were in his family.

"Seven," was the reply.

"My, that many children must cost a lot," the neighbor exclaimed.

"Oh, no," said the child. "We don't buy them, we raise them."

— *Sunshine*, 4-72.



"A.M.A. Convention?"

It was a small fire and after it was extinguished a bystander said to one of the firemen, "I can understand why it is necessary for you to rush to a fire, but in these days of heavy traffic, why do you have to rush back at such high speed?"

"Oh," answered the fireman cheerfully, "that's so we won't forget what's trumps." — Anna Herbert

Roadside Diner Patron to Counterman: "Could you change my order for a Swiss cheese sandwich to an American cheese sandwich?"

Counterman calling out to the Chef: "Hey, Mack, naturalize the Swiss!" — F. G. Kernan

Minister at bedside of church member who is at death's door: "Have you made your peace with the Lord and renounced the devil?"

Church Member: "I've made my peace with the Lord, Reverend, but I'm in no position to antagonize anyone!" — F. G. Kernan

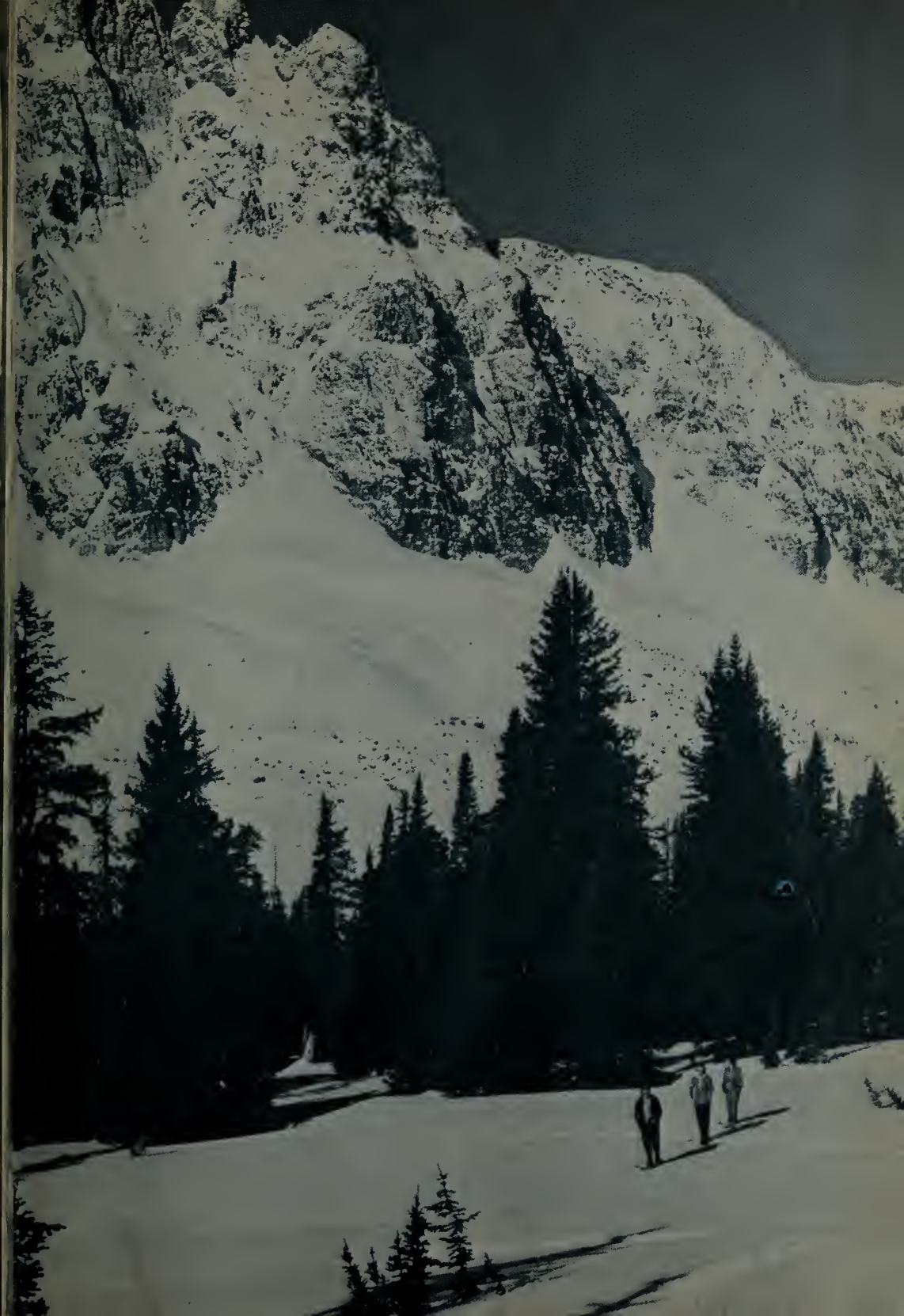
Little Billy's dad was reading him nursery rhymes and doing quite well until he came to the account of the cow jumping over the moon. The youngster pondered a moment, then said: "That's very interesting. Now tell me how the cow developed that much thrust." — F. G. Kernan

Extravagant Wife showing new hat: "Henry, I just couldn't pass this hat without buying it!"

Harried Husband: "Well, my dear, if you can't learn to pass a hat, I'm afraid I'll soon have to."

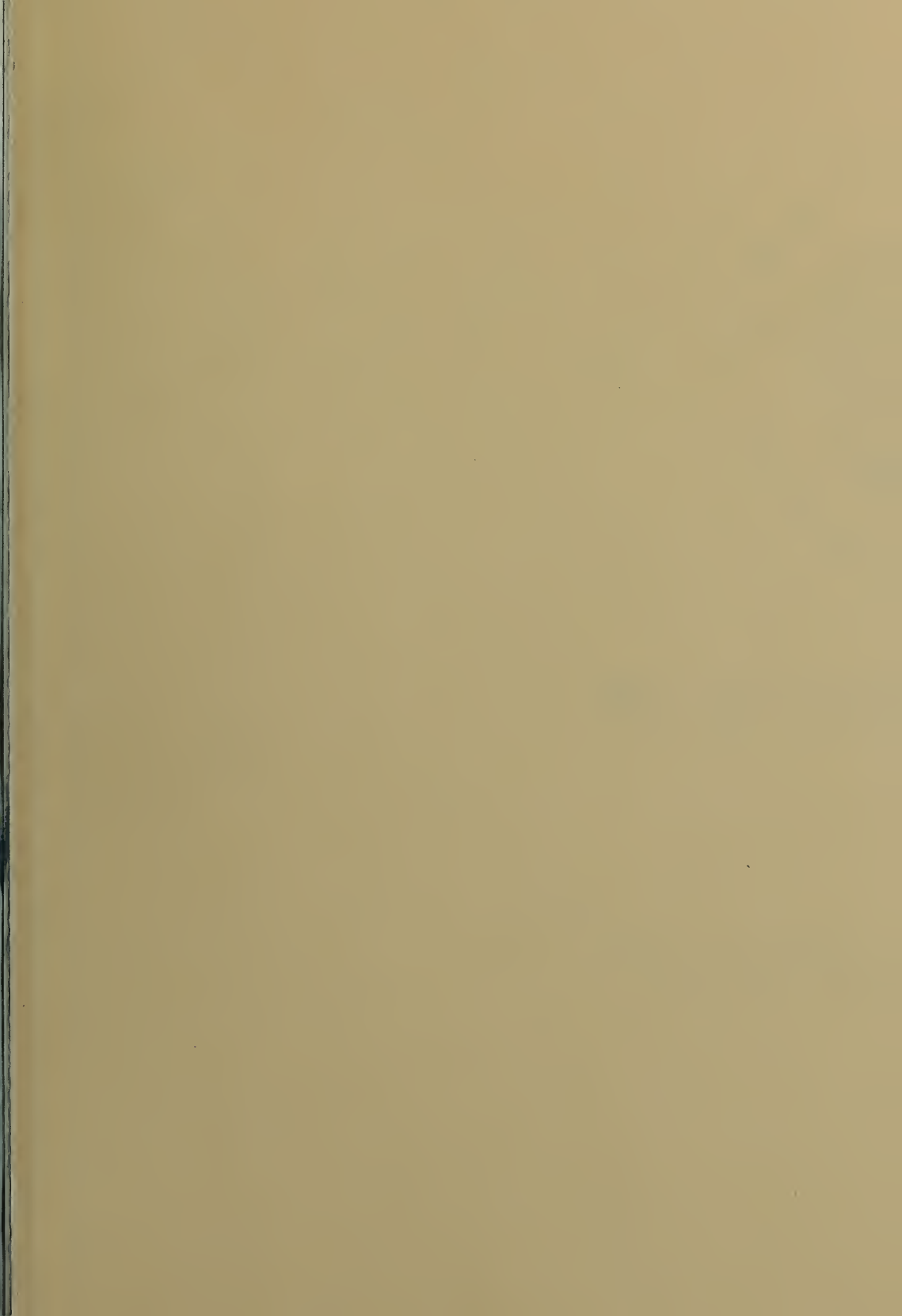
— F. G. Kernan

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